

BEYOND the FRONTIER

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS

By RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

Adèle is the daughter of a noble of New France. She is betrothed to her uncle's son, Cassion, the commissaire, who is a man of high character and a true friend. She is the only one who understands the true nature of the man who is to be her husband. The story is told in this installment.

An orphaned girl of seventeen pledged against her will by a man she loathes, needs a good and strong friend at this time more than anything else in the world. To whom can she turn for friendship when she has but two acquaintances? — young Sieur Rene d'Artigny, frontiersman and gentleman of France, and Sister Celeste at the convent. How Adèle met her problem is told in this installment.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Oh, you're sweet enough with words. I have heard you before, and found you a sly minx—when my back was turned—but this time it is not I alone who will watch your actions, I have pledged you a husband."

I got to my feet, staring at him, the indignant words stifled in my throat. He laughed coarsely, and resumed his meal.

"A husband, monsieur? You have pledged me?"

"Ay! why not? You are 17, and 'tis my place to see you well settled."

"But I have no wish to marry, monsieur," I protested. "There is no man for whom I care."

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and laughed.

"Pard! if I waited for that no doubt you would pick out some cockerel without as much as a spur to his heel."

"Tis my choice, not yours, for I know the world, and the man you need. Monsieur Cassion has asked me to favor him, and I think well of it."

"Cassion! Surely you would not wed me to that creature?"

He pushed back his chair, regarding me with scowling eyes.

"And where is there a better? Sacre! do you think yourself a queen to choose?"

"Tis rare luck you have such an offer. Monsieur Cassion is going to be a great man in this New France; already he has the governor's ear, and a commission, with a tidy sum to his credit in Quebec. What more could any girl desire in a husband?"

"But, monsieur, I do not love him; I do not trust the man."

"Pah! He burst into a laugh, rising from the table. Before I could draw back he had gripped me by the arm. "Enough of that, young lady. He is my choice, and that settles it. Love! who ever heard of love nowadays? Ah, I see, you dream already of the young gallant d'Artigny. Well, little good that will do you. Why what is he? A mere ragged adventurer, without a sou to his name, a prowling wolf of the forest, the follower of a discredited thief. But enough of this; I have told you my will, and you obey. Tomorrow we go to Quebec to the governor's hall, and when Mon-

sieur Cassion returns from his mission you will marry him—you understand?"

The tears were in my eyes, blotting out his threatening face, yet there was naught to do but answer.

"Yes, monsieur."

"And this d'Artigny, if the fellow ever dares come near you again I'll crush his white throat between my fingers."

"Yes, monsieur."

"To your room then, and think over all I have said. You have never found me full of idle threats I warrant."

"No, monsieur."

I drew my arm from his grasp, feeling it tingle with pain where his fingers had crushed the flesh, and crept up the narrow stairs, glad enough to get away and be alone. I had never loved Chevet, but he had taught me to fear him, for more than once had I experienced his brutality and physical power. To him I was but a chattel, an incubation. He had assumed charge of me because the law so ordained, but I had found nothing for my nature on which I could rely for sympathy. I was his sister's child, yet no more to him than some Indian

waif. More, he was honest about it. To his mind he did well by me in thus finding me a husband. I sank on my knees, and hid my face, shuddering at the thought of the sacrifice demanded. Cassion! never before had the man appeared so despicable. Yet what could I do? It was useless to appeal to Chevet, and the governor, La Barre, would give small heed to a girl objecting to one of his henchmen. d'Artigny! The name was on my lips before I realized I had spoken it. I arose to a throb of hope. I arose to my feet, and stared out of the window into the dark night. My pulses throbbed. If he cared; if I only knew he cared, I would fly with him anywhere, into the wilderness depths, to escape Cassion.

But how could I reach him with my tale? There was but one opportunity—the governor's hall. He would be there; he had said so, laughingly glancing toward me as he spoke the words, the flash of his eyes a challenge. But it would be difficult. Chevet, Cassion, not for a moment would they take eyes from me, and if I failed to treat him coldly an open quarrel must result. Chevet would be glad of an excuse, and Cassion's jealousy would spur him on. Yet I must try, and, in truth, I trusted not so much in Monsieur d'Artigny's interest in me, as in his reckless love of adventure.

"Would please him to play an audacious trick on La Salle's enemies, and make Cassion the butt of laughter."

CHAPTER III.

I Appeal for Aid.

It had been two years since I was at Quebec, and it was with new eyes of appreciation that I watched the great bristling cliffs as our boat glided silently past the shore and headed in toward the landing. Cassion met us, attired so gayly in rich vestments that I scarcely recognized the man, whom I had always seen before in dull forest garb, yet I permitted him to take my hand and assist me gallantly to the shore. It was evidently a gala day, for flags and streamers were flying from every window of the lower town, and the narrow, crooked streets were filled with wanderers having no apparent business but enjoyment. Never had I viewed so motley a throng, and I could but gaze about with wide opened eyes on the strange passing figures.

It was all of such interest I was glad enough to be finally rid of him, and he greeted so kindly by Sister Celeste.

"Three years have changed you greatly, my child," she said gently, touching my cheeks with her soft hands; "but bright as your eyes are, it is not all pleasure I see in them. You must tell me of your life. The older man, I take it, was your uncle, Monsieur Chevet?"

"Yes," I answered, but hesitated to add more.

"He is much as I had pictured him, a bear of the woods."

"He is rough," I protested, "for his life has been hard, yet has given me no reason to complain. 'Tis because the life is lonely that I grow old."

"No doubt, and the younger gallant? He is not of the forest school?"

"Twas Monsieur Cassion, commissaire for the governor."

"Ah! 'tis through him you have invitation to the great ball."

I bowed my head, wondering at the kind questioning in the sister's eyes. Could she have heard the truth? Perchance she might tell me something of the man.

"He has been selected by Monsieur Chevet as my husband," I explained doubtfully. "Know you aught of the man, sister?"

Her hand closed gently on mine.

"No, only that he has been chosen by La Barre to carry special message to the Chevalier de Baugis in the Illinois country. He hath an evil, sneering face, and an insolent manner, even as described to me by the Sieur d'Artigny."

I caught my breath quickly, and my hand grasped tighter.

"The Sieur d'Artigny?" I echoed, startled into revealing the truth. "He has been here? Has talked with you?"

"Surely, my dear girl. He was here with La Salle before his chief sailed for France, and yesterday he came again, and questioned me."

"Questioned you?"

"Yes; he sought knowledge of you, and of why you were in the household of Chevet. I liked the young man, and told him all I knew, of your father's death and the decree of the court, and of how Chevet compelled you to leave the convent. I felt him to be honest and true, and that his purpose was worthy."

"Sister, you must hear me," I said. "I have no mother, no friend even to whom to appeal; I am just a girl all alone. I despise this man Cassion; I do not know why, but he seems to be like a snake, and I cannot bear his presence. I would rather die than marry him. I do not think Chevet trusts him, either, but he has some hold and compels him to sell me as though I was a slave in the market. I am to be made to marry him. I pray you let me see this Sieur d'Artigny that I may tell him all, and beseech his aid."

"But why d'Artigny, my girl? What is the boy to you?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," I confessed frankly. "We have scarcely spoken together, but he is a gallant of true heart; he will never refuse aid to a maid like me. It will be joy for him to outwit this enemy of La Salle. All I ask is that I be permitted to tell him my story."

Celeste sat silent, her white hands clasped, her eyes on the stained glass

window. It was so still I could hear my own quick breathing. At last she spoke, her voice still soft and kindly.

"I have no power, child, but I will speak with the mother superior, and repeat to her all I have learned. It shall be as she wills. Wait here, and you may trust me to plead for you."

She seemed to fade from the room, and I glanced about, seeing no change since I was there before—the same bare walls and floor, the rude settee,

the mass of people grouped about the room.

Many a name reached my ears famous in those days, but forgotten long since; and once or twice, as we slowly made our way through the throng, Cassion pointed out to me some character of importance in the province, or paused to present me with familiarity to certain officials whom he knew. It was thus we approached the dais, and awaited our turn to extend felicitations to the governor. Just before us was Du L'Hut, whose name Cassion whispered in my ear, a tall, slender man, attired as a courier du bois, with long fair hair sweeping his shoulders. I had heard of him as a daring explorer, but there was no premonition that he would ever again come into my life, and I was more deeply interested in the appearance of La Barre.

He was a dark man, stern of face, and with strange, furtive eyes, concealed behind long lashes and overhanging brows. Yet he was most gracious to Du L'Hut, and when he turned and perceived Monsieur Cassion next in line, smiled and extended his hand cordially.

"Ah, Francois, and so you are here at last, and ever welcome. And this," he bowed low before me in excess of gallantry, "no doubt will be the Made-moiselle La Chesnayne of whose charms I have heard so much of late. By my faith, Cassion, even your eloquence hath done small justice to the lady. Where, mademoiselle, have you hidden yourself, to remain unknown to us of Quebec?"

"I have lived with my uncle, Hugo Chevet."

"Ah, yes; I recall the circumstances now—a rough, yet loyal trader. He was with me once on the Ottawa—and tonight?"

"He accompanied me to the city, your excellency, but I have not seen him since."

"Small need, with Francois at your beck and call," and he patted me playfully on the cheek. "I have already tested his faithfulness. Your father, mademoiselle?"

"Captain Pierre La Chesnayne, sir."

"Ah, yes; I knew him well; he fell on the Richelieu; a fine soldier." He turned toward Cassion, the expression of his face changed.

"You depart tonight?"

"At daybreak, sir."

"That is well; see to it that no time is lost on the journey. I have it in my mind that De Baugis may need you, for, from all I hear Henri de Tonty is not an easy man to handle."

"Do Tonty?"

"Ay! the lieutenant Sieur de La Salle left in charge at St. Louis; an Italian

"You know of them, sister?"

"I know his father," she answered, half ashamed already of her impulse, "a gallant man. But come, the mother would have you visit her."

CHAPTER IV.

In the Palace of the Intendant.

The huge palace of the intendant, between the bluff and the river, was ablaze with lights, and already crowded with guests at our arrival. I had seen nothing of Chevet since the morning, nor did he appear now; but Monsieur Cassion was prompt enough, and congratulated me on my appearance with bows, and words of praise which made me flush with embarrassment.

An officer met us, pointing out the way, and, after he had assisted us to descend from the chair, we advanced slowly over a carpet of clean straw toward the gayly lighted entrance. Soldiers lined the walls on either side, and overhead blazed a beacon suspended on a chain. It was a scene rather grotesque and weird in the red glow, and I took Cassion's arm gladly, feeling just a little frightened by the strange surroundings.

"Where is my Uncle Chevet?" I asked, more as a relief, than because I cared, although I was glad of his absence because of d'Artigny.

"In faith, I know not," he answered lightly. "I won him a card, but he was scarce gracious about it. In some wine shop likely with others of his kind."

There were servants at the door and an officer, who scanned the cards of those in advance of us, yet passed Cassion, with a glance at his face, and word of recognition. I observed him turn and stare after me, for my eyes met, but, almost before I knew what had occurred, I found myself in a side room, with a maid helping to remove my wraps, and arrange my hair.

I will not describe the scene in the great ballroom, for now, as I write, the brilliant pageant is but a dim memory, confused and tantalizing. I recall the bright lights overhead, and along the walls, the festooned banners, the raised dais at one end, carpeted with skins of wild animals, where the governor stood, the walls covered with arms and trophies of the chase, the guard of soldiers at each entrance, and

He was a Dark Man, Stern of Face.

they tell me, and loyal to his master. 'Tis like he may resist my orders, and De Baugis hath but a handful with which to uphold authority. I am not sure I approve of your selecting this lad d'Artigny as a guide; he may play you false."

"Small chance he'll have for any trick."

Psychologists—scientists of the human mind—say that the big emotions are born and developed in one's unconscious mind and gradually are ushered into the conscious mind; for instance, that you may be in love long before you are actually aware of the fact. What about d'Artigny and Adèle?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Her Hand Closed Gently on Mine.

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TO RELIEVE CITY CONGESTION

Massachusetts Legislature Considers Measures Encouraging "Back-to-the-Land" Movement.

Two unusual measures have been under consideration by the legislature of Massachusetts. One provides for an appropriation for homesteads or small houses with plots of ground for mechanics, laborers and other persons in the suburbs of cities and towns. The other bill authorizes any city to acquire land for the purpose of teaching agriculture to its inhabitants, including schoolchildren, adults and family groups.

The bills are really complementary. Their purpose is to encourage the "back-to-the-land" movement and to relieve congested districts. They are sponsored by the Massachusetts homestead commission, which believes that there is a strong disposition among persons in congested city districts to escape from these to pleasanter and more healthful surroundings. The commission, in fact, made a canvass of 500 typical tenement families. It discovered that no fewer than 168 families, with 896 children, were anxious to move to suburban surroundings where they could have a garden and till the soil. The chief difficulties in their way, of course, are lack of capital and lack of knowledge of gardening or farming. These lack the two bills in the legislature would seek to supply.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

A railroad is projected to reach the top of Scotland's highest mountain, Ben Nevis.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Two medicinal preparations are being made from hog brains by a Danish company.

IF YOU OR ANY FRIEND Suffer with Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic, write for my FREE BOOK on Rheumatism—Its Cause and Cure. Most wonderful book ever written. It is absolutely FREE. Jesse A. Case, Dept. C. W., Brockton, Mass.—Adv.

Probably a sympathetic tear comes as near being a panacea for all feminine troubles as anything on the market.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Many a man is so public spirited that he tries to mind everybody's business except his own.

Musical apparatus within the handle of a new fan plays as the fan is waved.

A Distinction. "Do you read all the war news, Jibway?"

"No, indeed."

"Don't you care about keeping up with the bloody struggle in Europe?"

"Of course I do. What I meant was that I merely read all the war news printed in the papers."

Preposterous Notion. "A man with your responsibilities ought not to spend an afternoon at the baseball park without making some arrangements so you can be communicated with when there is an important deal on foot."

"And perhaps be interrupted just when one of our players knocks a three-bagger and ties the game?" replied the ardent fan. "I wouldn't think of taking a chance like that."

Why Not? "Why did you strike this man?" asked the judge sternly.

"He called me a liar, your honor," replied the accused.

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the mused-up face.

"Sure it's true," said the accused. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.

"It's got nothing to do with the case, your honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar I guess I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't it?"

Nothing to Lose. "I suppose you are planning to go to Europe, like everybody else, after the war is over?"

"Well, no, I haven't made any such announcement to my friends."

"Why don't you. It won't cost you any more than it will two-thirds of the other people who say they are going to Europe after the war is over."

Men are probably more forgetful than women because they haven't so much gossip to keep them in practice.

KEEP YOUNG

As well be young at 70 as old at 50.

Many elderly people suffer lame, bent, aching backs, and distressing urinary disorders, when a little help for the kidneys would fix it all up. Don't wait for gravel, or Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands, young and old, and are recommended by thousands.

A Missouri Case

Mrs. Paul D. Fairbairn, 1118 N. Second St., St. Charles, Mo., says: "My back was extremely weak and if I caught cold, I suffered from dull, bearing-down pains through my kidneys. Sometimes I could hardly straighten up, and often I got so dizzy that everything seemed to be whirling. Nothing relieved me until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They removed all the ailments and for a long time I have had no need of a kidney medicine."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A positive proposition of merit. Have to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

SILCO with DICK BLIZZARD

your only safe and reliable engine. Write for our Big Book of Truth and Power. We have 1000 engines. Weber Imp. & Auto Co., 1900 Locust St., St. Louis

GALLSTONES

Avoid operations. Positive remedy—(No fee)—Results sure. Write for our Big Book of Truth and Power. We have 1000 engines. Weber Imp. & Auto Co., 1900 Locust St., St. Louis

PLEASED THE WOODPECKER

Bird Takes Kindly to Tin Barricade Erected Against Its Peckings.

Mrs. John Pozor of Main street, Newton, N. J., feared that a fine shade tree on her lawn would be killed by a woodpecker that appeared there every day and pecked away at a hole which he was making larger and larger. Therefore she had her husband tack a sheet of tin over the hole when the bird was absent.

Refusing to be discouraged and pretending he does not know the difference, the woodpecker now goes to the tree every day and pecks away like a trip hammer on the tin sheet. The neighbors are nearly crazy with the noise, and there is a law against killing woodpeckers.

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